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TREASURE CHEST





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BASEBALL

AND HOW TO PLAY IT



**TIPS
ON PLAYING
THIRD
BASE**

THE COLUMBUS BOYS' CLUB
IS LEADING THE KINGS BY
2 RUNS. IT IS THE NINTH
INNING, AND EDDIE, THE
THIRD BASEMAN, HAS JUST
CAUGHT A HARD HIT BALL.

WHAT A STOP!



I HOPE
I GET HIM!



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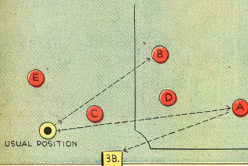
EDDIE, DO YOU REMEMBER, YESTERDAY, THAT SLOW ROLLER TO THE SHORTSTOP? YOU SHOULD HAVE FIELDED THAT BALL, AS WELL AS THE BUNT THAT PASSED THE PITCHER.

I DIDN'T KNOW THE SLOW ONE WAS MINE. AS FOR THE BUNT, WHO WOULD HAVE COVERED THIRD?

COACH

WELL, EDDIE, WITH MEN ON BASE, A THIRD BASEMAN HAS TO GO IN AND BE READY TO FIELD THE BALL IF IT'S IN HIS DIRECTION. HE SHOULD LEARN TO SCOOP UP BUNTS WITH HIS BARE HAND, WHIP THE BALL TO FIRST, THEN HURSTLE BACK TO HIS POSITION FOR A POSSIBLE PLAY AT THIRD BASE. IF THE PITCHER FIELDS THE BUNT, THE THIRD BASEMAN RUNS IN, AND THEN RIGHT BACK TO HIS BASE.

THIRD BASE IS CALLED THE "HOT CORNER" AND IT IS RIGHTLY NAMED, BECAUSE MOST OF THE BUNTS ARE AIMED IN HIS DIRECTION, A THIRD BASEMAN USUALLY PLAYS IN CLOSEST OF THE INFELDERS. WHEN BALLS ARE HIT TO HIM, THEY ARE USUALLY HIT HARD. IT IS A CASE OF KNOCKING THEM DOWN AND MAKING A LONG, ACCURATE THROW TO FIRST. THE DIAGRAM BELOW SHOWS YOU SOME DUTIES AND POSITIONS OF A THIRD SACKER.



[HOME](#) →

- A. ON BUNTS HE RUNS IN, MAKES HIS PLAY, THEN RUNS BACK AND COVERS THIRD.
B. HE CUTS ACROSS THE INFIELD TO TAKE SLOW ROLLERS TO SHORT.
C. HE BACKS UP THROWS TO SECOND FROM RIGHT FIELD AND RIGHT CENTER FIELD.
D. HE BACKS UP ALL THROWS FROM FIRST TO PITCHER.
E. HE RELAYS THROWS FROM LEFT FIELD TO HOME.
F. HE CAN GIVE RIGHT-HANDED PITCHERS SIGNALS, IF THE RUNNER ON FIRST HAS TOO MUCH LEAD.

THE MANTLE OF CHARITY

SAINT MARTIN - PATRON OF TAILORS

By SILVIO A. BEDINI

MANY YEARS AGO, IN THE 4TH CENTURY, A.D., MARTIN, SAINT PATRICK'S UNCLE, WAS BORN IN HUNGARY, THEN PART OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. AT AN EARLY AGE, MARTIN BECAME A BELIEVER IN CHRIST. BEFORE HE COULD BE BAPTIZED, HOWEVER, HIS PARENTS ENROLLED HIM IN THE ROMAN CAVALRY, AND HIS LEGION WAS SENT AWAY TO GAUL (FRANCE).



THAT NIGHT MARTIN HAD A VISION. HE DREAMED THAT JESUS, HIMSELF, APPEARED TO HIM...



DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE CLOAK I WEAR?



DO YOU KNOW WHO THUS CLOTHED ME? IT WAS MY SERVANT MARTIN. HE IS AS YET UNBAPTIZED.



SOON AFTER MARTIN BECAME A CHRISTIAN. A FEW YEARS LATER, HE LEFT THE ARMY FOR A NEW CAREER...



BLESS YOU, MARTIN! YOU HAVE HELPED US BEYOND MEASURE.

I AM ONLY DOING THE WILL OF GOD.

MARTIN, THE HERMIT OF LIGUGE. HE SERVES ALL WITH GREAT GOOD DEEDS.

WHO IS HE?



FOR TEN YEARS, MARTIN LIVED AS A RECLUSE. THEN HE FOUNDED A COMMUNITY OF HERMIT MONKS WHICH IN TIME BECAME THE BENEDICTINE ABBEY AT LIGUGE.

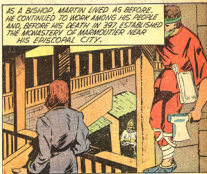




IN THE EPISCOPAL CITY OF TOURS, MARTIN, IN HIS BISHOP'S GARB, VISITED THE SICK.



AS A BISHOP, MARTIN LIVED AS BEFORE. HE CONTINUED TO WORK AMONG HIS PEOPLE AND, BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 397 ESTABLISHED THE MONASTERY OF MARMOUTIER NEAR HIS EPISCOPAL CITY.



TODAY SAINT MARTIN IS REVERED AS THE PATRON OF FRANCE. BECAUSE HE MADE ONE CLOAK DO FOR TWO, HE IS ALSO PATRON SAINT OF TAILORS. THE CHURCH CELEBRATES HIS FEAST ON NOVEMBER 11.



IN 1910, BELGIUM HONORED SAINT MARTIN BY USING HIS PORTRAIT ON ITS FIRST CHARITY STAMPS. THE TAG WHICH APPEARS AT THE FOOT OF THE STAMP MEANS, "DO NOT DELIVER ON SUNDAY," AND URGES OBSERVANCE OF THE LORD'S DAY.

CHUCK WHITE

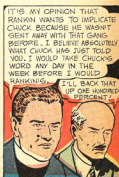
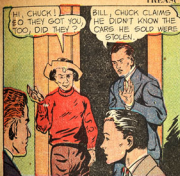
PART
23

AFTER BOND AND BILL RANKIN'S GANG HAD BEEN ARRESTED, OFFICER BROPHY WAS SENT OUT TO BRING IN CHUCK.











A KNOWN
RACKETEER, AND
GAMBLER, HE HAS
ALREADY SERVED
THREE TERMS IN
THE STATE
PENITENTIARY.

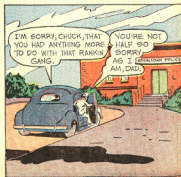
I THINK A LITTLE RIDE TO
NEW CASTLE IS NECESSARY,
CHIEF, CALL UP THE NEW
CASTLE POLICE AND TELL
THEM I'M ON THE
WAY.

CHECK.

COME ALONG,
CHUCK. IF WE
PICK THIS MILLER
UP, I WANT YOU
TO IDENTIFY
HIM.

IF I MAY,
I'D LIKE
TO GO,
TOO.







AESOP'S FABLES

"THE CAT
AND THE
BIRDS"

HI, CHUM! WHY AREN'T YOU CHASING ME TODAY? NO APPETITE?

I'M JUST SICK OF MICE. THE INTOLERABLE MONOTONY OF IT ALL. MICE FOR BREAKFAST, MICE FOR LUNCH, MICE FOR DINNER!



IF I CATCH MICE, I'M A HERO. IF I CATCH PRECIOUS BIRDS, I'M A VILLAIN. I MUST HAVE A BALANCED DIET. OH, FOR A BIRD-BURGER, OR A BIRD-PIE!



AS CATS GO, YOU'RE NOT TOO BRIGHT. I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE TIP. LITTLE BERTIE BLUEBIRD HAS SOME BROKEN BONES. THERE MIGHT BE A MEAL THERE FOR YOU.



I'LL DISGUISE MYSELF AS A DOCTOR AND CALL ON THE BLUEBIRDS. AN ERRAND OF MERCY!



IF I SAY SO, MYSELF, I MAKE A MOST DIGNIFIED DOCTOR. TRA-LA!



MEANWHILE

BILLY BLUEBIRD, I HURRIED TO WARN YOU. CARL CAT, DISGUISED AS A DOCTOR, WILL CALL ON BERTIE. I MIGHT SAY HE HAS BIRD-PIE ON HIS MIND.



THANKS, FRIEND MOUSE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM.

SOME RED PEPPER, A FEW TACKS, SOME FEATHERS FROM THIS OLD DUSTER, A FEW YARDS OF BANDAGE -- AND WE'LL BE READY FOR DOCTOR CAT.





DRAGON MOUNTAIN

By ALBERT J. NEVINS, M.M.

CHAPTER 5

BILL AND AH CHING, HAVING DELIVERED MONEY TO THE SURROUNDED LEBER COLONY, WERE CAPTURED BY COMMUNIST TROOPS AS THEY WERE RETURNING HOME, TO MAKE HIM DENY HIS FAITH. THE REDS TORTURED AH CHING. LATER, THE BOYS WERE TAKEN TO RED HEADQUARTERS, WHERE THEY AWAITED THE ARRIVAL OF MAJOR CHU, CHIEF OF THE COMMUNIST SECRET POLICE.

IT'S ALMOST DAWN.
WHERE IS MAJOR CHU?

SOMETHING IS GOING
ON. THERE IS EXCITE-
MENT OUTSIDE.

SOMETHING'S UP.

SSH / SOMEONE'S
COMING.

AH! MY YOUNG GUESTS.
SIT DOWN, BOYS!

YOU ARE BAD BOYS. ONE OF
YOU IS A CATHOLIC AND THE
OTHER KNOWS TOO MUCH.
TOO BAD! TOO BAD!

TOO BAD?

YES, YOU WILL
BOTH HAVE TO
DIE.

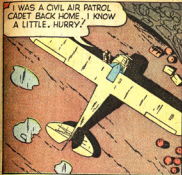
BUT I AM AN
AMERICAN
CITIZEN.

THAT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE.
YOU WILL BOTH DISAPPEAR.
NO ONE WILL KNOW.



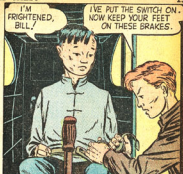


I WAS A CIVIL AIR PATROL
CADET BACK HOME. I KNOW
A LITTLE. HURRY!



I'M
FRIGHTENED,
BILL!

I'VE PUT THE SWITCH ON.
NOW KEEP YOUR FEET
ON THESE BRAKES.



SAY A PRAYER THAT IT
STARTS UP.

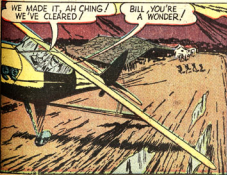


HERE WE GO!



WE MADE IT, AH CHING!
WE'VE CLEARED!

BILL, YOU'RE
A WONDER!



TO BE CONTINUED

Sandy in Spangles

By DIXIE
WILLSON

SANDY MARGILL, 15-YEAR-OLD HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE, JOINED THE GREAT HALEY CIRCUS WITH HER GOOD FRIENDS, THE BRONSONS. SHE HAD BEEN EAGERLY WAITING THE FIRST SHOW AND, AT LAST, THE BIG DAY CAME!



OUTSIDE THE BACK DOOR OF THE BIG TOP, THE BRONSONS AND SANDY WAITED THEIR TURN TO GO ON.



THERE'S THE SIGNAL!
LET'S GO!



PRESENTING.....
SANDY... AND HER
ED-U-CATED BEARS!



SANDY'S BIG MOMENT
HAD COME.



THE ACT BEGAN.



FIRST, PRINCESS



BRAVO!



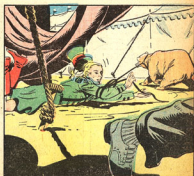
THEN CUB DID HIS TRICK.

YOU'RE TWO
FINE BEARS!NOW, THE DIFFICULT
BICYCLE TRICKUP YOU
GO!COME ON! BE
A GOOD BEAR!

STICK TO IT, SANDY!









The Ghost Bell

by ANN WING



PART 2

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: One night during round-up, Old Pablo, the chuckwagon cook, told "Cyclone" Bill McBride, Little "Mac," Jerome Woods, and Angelito Lopez how, more than 100 years ago, the mission bell of San Juan de la Espada had mysteriously disappeared. An old charcoal burner and his son, according to Pablo, had been seen with a cart the night of the theft. After Pablo was asleep, Angelito added to the legend. Our Lady of Guadalupe had appeared to a blacksmith's grandson, urging him to save the bell. Grandfather and grandson had then carried the bell away, and neither they nor the bell was ever seen again. But on clear, windy nights, the bell could be heard tolling. Later that night, the tolling of a bell waked Cyclone. He told Angelito and, after they had roused Jerome and Little Mac, they decided to search for the bell.

CYCLONE found it difficult to convince Jerome and Little Mac that he had heard the bell, but finally they agreed to start the hunt immediately. The four boys strapped on their bedrolls and tiptoed out of camp.

"Aw, hemlock!" exclaimed Jerome, stumbling ahead of the others on their way to the arroyo, "the only bells ringing around here are in your head, Cyclone."

"Okay," said Cyclone, short on temper. "Angelito and I will go by ourselves. Of all the squibs!"

"Jiminy, I guess you *are* serious. Take it easy, we're going."

Jerome and Little Mac darted for their cow ponies, El Cid and Calico. Angelito and Cyclone, talking softly to their mounts, Mucho Gusto and Quien Sabe, to keep them quiet, led them away from the bank of the arroyo.

"Suppose we had better leave a note for

"He'll tell Dad, so everything will be all right. We ought to have that bell by tomorrow."

"Ay," sighed Angelito. "It won't be that easy, amigo."

"That's a dim view to take," remarked Cyclone Bill, as he sharpened a stick to a point with his pocket knife. With the stick he scratched on the ground near the scrub oak: "Dear Pablo: We've gone to look for the mission bell. Heard it ring. Back soon. Don't worry. Cyclone."

Jerome was first in the saddle. "All right," he said. "Which way do we go?"

Cyclone and Angelito consulted with each other briefly, then simultaneously pointed in the same direction. "Into the wind," said Angelito. "Due north. Do you agree, amigo?"

"Roger!" said Cyclone. "Let's go."

The Bandera Hills, toward which they rode, were rolled gently in some spots and, in others, rose to a considerable height. They stretched across the Texas plains like giant lumps of earth placed upon the level country to add variety. The trees grew tall, and the grass shone, waxy and green on the slopes.

Presently, the wind increased in strength. Clouds scudded across the sky and over the round face of the moon, now disappearing below the horizon.

"Storm coming up, sure as water is wet," predicted Jerome.

"Let's pull up for a minute," suggested Cyclone, leaning back on Quien Sabe's reins. "If we take this next turn, we'll be heading for La Candelaria. I'm not sure the sound of the bell

"It could have come from somewhere near La Candela," Angelito said thoughtfully. "Everybody listen, please."

Almost at once, there was a clap of thunder and a flash of lightning, then silence.

"That's just heat lightning," Cyclone said, to allay the fears of the others. "It doesn't mean anything."

"All I can hear now is the wind whistling," Jerome announced at last.

Just then, clouds obscured the moon, darkening the earth. For several moments, the boys waited for them to pass. When the darkness persisted, Cyclone said, "Let's go on. We'll just keep going. Every once in a while we'll stop and listen for the bell. Quien Sabe never loses his footing, no matter how dark it is."

"I'm not worried about the horses," said Little Mac. "Calico could follow a goat up the side of a cliff, but, if we run into a rainstorm, we'll be stranded in the dark."

The words were no sooner spoken than big drops came pelting down.

"I knew it!" exclaimed Little Mac. The ponies began to dance and set up a great clatter of bridles.

"Head for that clump of brush ahead!" shouted Cyclone.

"I see it!" yelled Little Mac, as a flash lit up the scene. He clucked to his mount and the others tore after him up the rise. When they reached the little wood, they huddled together, listening to the rain pouring around them in torrents.

"There ought to be a shack around somewhere," said Cyclone. "There's bound to be a

shepherd or goatherd living in these hills. I'll look."

"Mira!" shouted Angelito, as another streak of lightning flooded the sky. "You're right! Look yonder! A cabin."

The boys saw the shack, sitting like a knob, across the ravine from them. "We'd better make for it before the water fills up the gully," suggested Jerome. "Next time the lightning comes, we'll go like blazes."

With the next flash, Cyclone gave a wild yell, and they all went skidding and plunging downward. Spurred by fear, the crazed horses bounded up the opposite bank, scattering stones and gravel behind them. Upon reaching the top, the boys dug their heels into their ponies' ribs and raced toward the shack. The rain seemed angry and struck them like whips. A lean-to shed, sheltered on two sides, had been built onto the shack, and the boys ran their ponies under it.

"Whee! This is luck!" exclaimed Cyclone, swinging down off Quien Sabe. "You all wait here until I see if I can rouse anybody."

"Roger!" the others agreed. They, too, dismounted and slapped their hats against their legs to knock the water off them.

Cyclone darted out of the shed and around to the front of the shack. He bounded on to the rickety porch and, thumping on the door, called out, "Anybody home? Anybody home?"

No one answered. But, in a moment, there came from inside a creaking of boards and a shuffling of heavy boots over the floor. A rough voice asked, "Who's there?"

"Bill McBride from Bar-U Ranch. My friends and I got caught in the storm. Will you let us in?"

There followed low mutterings, and then the door opened. Cyclone looked up into the unshaven face of a huge, red-haired man. The light of a kerosene lamp, held aloft in one enormous hand, emphasized the savage features.

"Could you let us . . ." began Cyclone, and then paused. The giant was looking him over from head to foot in a calculating way.

"Sure, sure, come in," said the man finally. He turned and called over his shoulder to two dark figures huddled on the floor near a cook-



stove. "It's okay, partners. It's only a kid. Step inside," he said to Cyclone.

"There are four of us," Cyclone informed him.

After a moment's further hesitation, the red-haired man said grudgingly, "Bring 'em in."

Cyclone went to the edge of the porch and yelled, "Hi! Jerome, Angelito, Mac! Come on!"

The three boys scurried from the shed to the porch and tumbled after Cyclone into the shack.

"You cowboys look like a pack of wet rats," was the red-haired man's comment. "These are my partners." He indicated the other two men in the room, who were sitting on their heels, regarding the boys out of narrowed eyes.

"I'm Bill McBride. This is my brother, Mac, and my friends, Angelito and Jerome," said Cyclone. "Thank you for letting us come inside."

The big man lifted a lid on the cook stove and poked up the fire. "Better gather around and steam yourselves dry," he invited gruffly. "How come you're riding out so late? Riding fence?"

"Oh, no. We were. . . ." Cyclone hesitated.

"We were hunting for a bell," blurted out Little Mac.

"A bell?" The man looked at Cyclone without belief.

"Yes, sir. The bell of the old mission," confirmed Cyclone. Then, they all stood around the blazing stove, steaming like clams under a blanket of seaweed. The boys told Red-Hair and his sullen companions all about the search.

The man nodded. "You boys can stay right here. You must be all tucked out."

"Gracias, señor!" said Angelito. "But I think we ought to leave. Don't you, Cyclone, soon as. . . ?"

"Don't you think of it," the big man interrupted heartily. "I'll just go out and look after your horses while you settle yourselves for the night."

When he went out, one of the "silent partners" got up. "I'll give you a hand with your bedrolls," he growled. "Move over, Joe," he ordered the other man. Joe grunted and moved in his blanket.



"Look!" whispered Angelito to Cyclone, tugging at his arm. "Look! Pistoles!"

Cyclone glimpsed the heavy cartridge belt and the two pistols in their holsters as the blanket moved.

"We had better go pronto," warned the agitated Angelito. "I don't like it here at all."

At that instant, the red-haired man returned. "You've nothing to worry about!" he greeted them cheerfully. "Your cayuses are as snug as bugs in a rug."

"We've decided we'd better be getting back," said Cyclone.

"It'd be plumb foolish for you to start out," the big man told him. "It's a regular cloud-burst outside." He glanced suspiciously at his partners. "Have you been scaring these boys while I was gone?" he demanded. He turned to the boys. "Don't let our rough looks frighten you. Just stretch yourselves out and go to sleep."

The boys were soon lying on their bedrolls. Cyclone tried to keep watch, but it was not long before he heard a snore, then another, and then a third. The three men were apparently sound asleep. Cyclone soon found he could not keep his eyes open. He closed them for what he hoped would be a minute or two.

When he woke up, the golden daylight was coming in through the open back door of the shack. He looked about him. The men were gone. There were only the four boys—no! Only three of them were in the room!

Cyclone jumped up! Angelito, too, was gone!

TO BE CONTINUED



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from the TREASURE CHEST...



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